

Orange

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Orange

by Anonymous

Summary

What do you get when you mix an omega, who is predisposed to be attracted to scents, and someone who has a scent kink?

George.

You get George.

It's not his fault, really! It isn't a situation where he joked so much about a kink that he developed it, it just sort of happened. Of course, this isn't to say he smells an alpha's scent and gets hard, it's just that he's turned on by the idea of being scented by his alpha.

Newsflash: he doesn't have an alpha.

What he *does* have, though, is a best friend and roommate named Dream who has all the attributes of a typical alpha - tall, tan, strong, *big* - that has a scent that drives George crazy, a scent of wild, potent orange, citrusy and sweet.

He also has a crush on Dream but that's not the point, is it?

Notes

hello! i'm back again. someone suggested an a/b/o fic and i really wanted to do something involving a scent kink, so i put both in one. i hope you guys enjoy. :) (not beta read or edited as usual!)

Chapter 1

Every omega has a thing for scents to an extent. It's a biological thing, something shared among the three secondary genders, but it's a bit stronger for omegas than it is for alphas or betas. Scents are integral to life for various reasons, between mating purposes, telling how someone is feeling, marking territory (as in your material possessions - actual territorial marking fell out of use at least a century ago), and being able to recognize your packmates without a single look.

What do you get when you mix an omega, who is predisposed to be attracted to scents, and someone who has a scent kink?

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You get George.

It's not his fault, really! It isn't a situation where he joked so much about a kink that he developed it, it just sort of happened. Of course, this isn't to say he smells an alpha's scent and gets hard, it's just that he's turned on by the idea of being scented by his alpha.

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What he *does* have, though, is a best friend and roommate named Dream who has all the attributes of a typical alpha - tall, tan, strong, *big* - that has a scent that drives George crazy, a scent of wild, potent orange, citrusy and sweet.

He also has a crush on Dream but that's not the point, is it?

The worst part about the whole scent thing is that Dream knows George likes his scent. Does he know the full extent of it? No. Hopefully. But he knows George enjoys it, and he's more than willing to let George wear his hoodies and sit next to him to push his nose against his scent gland and breathe in.

It makes George feel guilty that Dream doesn't understand. There's been multiple times where George has gotten hard just from smelling Dream's gland.

If Dream noticed the change in George's scent - which he probably *had* - he didn't mention it. What that means is unclear.

Unfortunately for George, he *just so happens* to go into heat while wearing one of Dream's hoodies.

Multiple times.

The thing about heats is that omegas latch onto anything that reminds them of an alpha, whether it's an alpha they like or not. It causes a lot of problems, namely non-consensual markings or misunderstandings, but it still happens because their bodies haven't evolved past that. When an omega smells an alpha's scent during heat, it sends them into a craze. An intense craving for whoever the scent is from.

Each heat George experiences just intensifies his already huge craving for Dream to scent him. There's been times where he's nested exclusively with clothes Dream left in his room just because he needs to smell him.

So here George is, desperate for Dream in more ways than one.

*

Dream is a little stupid.

He's aware of this, and he accepts this wholeheartedly, but sometimes he's pretty sure he's too stupid for his own good.

He always wondered why George was so into his scent. It wasn't that he didn't like it (it's quite the opposite, actually) but he was just so confused. Even mated omega-alpha pairings he knew never did this, at least not as often as George does.

It's no secret to their friend group that Dream likes George, or that he absolutely adores the fact George needs his scent, or that he'd drop anything to help George out.

And, *apparently*, it's no secret that George is into Dream, and that he's spent several heats curled up with Dream's clothes.

He found out from Sapnap, their shared best friend, another alpha. Dream remembers the Discord messages so specifically in his mind, mostly because he had spilled red Gatorade all down his white top in shock after reading it.

sapnap

> i was gonna let one of you confess for yourself first but it's taking too long so i'm telling you some things so you finally get your shit together

> george is way into you dude. i don't know how you haven't noticed considering he's practically asking you to scent him every five goddamn minutes but you are dense and won't realize unless someone tells you

> he likes you. he has spent his past three heats in a nest of your clothes bro. he talks about you nonstop AND i have a literal confession from him [image attached]

> do not tell him i showed you any of this. just make a move already holy shit

After desperately trying to clean red stains out of his shirt, Dream had considered what Sapnap said.

The worst that could happen is that Sapnap is a filthy liar and that George doesn't like him back. If that happens, Dream could easily blame it on Sapnap and pretend it never happened, because he knows George would do the same.

The best that could happen is obvious. The best that could happen is that they get together.

*

George's heat comes early.

He hasn't started it quite yet, rather going into the two day long period where he starts nesting, mentally and physically preparing for the five days of heat. It normally falls on the third week of every month without fail, but for some reason, it starts on the second.

There's a lot of reasons it could be early. Changes in diet, changes in stress level, things like that. It's not a *bad* thing that he started early, it's just that now, he has to change a lot of streaming plans

he made. He feels guilty even though he knows his friends won't be upset, since they're the most understanding people in the world.

The biggest issue is the fans, though.

He'd already announced a pretty special IRL stream a few days ago, but now he can't do it, and he knows the fans will immediately pick up on why. Arguably the worst part of being an omega with a dedicated fanbase is that they know when his heats are, based on the week long period where he drops off the face of the earth every month. It isn't necessarily uncomfortable for him, it's just a bit concerning that people care about his biological functions.

As much as he really doesn't want to, he puts out a tweet.

George

@GeorgeNootFound

hi guys! i have to push the streams back until next week :(i'll see you all then!

He scrolls on Twitter for a few moments after that, already regretting that decision. His replies *as well as his timeline* are people freaking out, already figuring out that his heat has come early. He groans and throws his phone down on the bed, head in hands.

There's a knock at his door, and then it opens.

"Your heat is early?"

George sighs, looking at Dream through the gaps between his fingers.

"Unfortunately."

Dream hums, sitting down next to George, their thighs touching. *He smells so good.*

"Is there anything I can do?" Dream asks, wrapping an arm around George, pulling him closer. George barely manages to hold back from shoving his nose against Dream's scent gland.

"Um, I don't...think so..."

Dream's hand finds its way to George's hair, gently guiding his head closer until he's resting against his shoulder, far too close to his scent gland. George's mouth *waters*, his own scent changing with arousal, with *want*, head slightly hazy.

"You sure?"

George bites his lip.

"Why are you - *what* are you doing, I -"

"George," Dream says, voice soft, gently tilting George's head up. "I like you."

George blinks. "Oh."

Dream laughs, letting go of his head, though not before he ruffles George's hair. "Do you...feel the -"

George shoves his nose into Dream's scent gland, not afraid to now that he has a confession. He inhales, letting out a soft noise. "Yes," he mumbles, nuzzling his face against the area. "God, yes, I have for a while."

"What's with you and my scent?" Dream laughs, and George knows he isn't poking fun. He hums, licking the gland to taste him, grinning when Dream sighs.

"Smells so good," George says, hands gripping Dream's arm. "I - I have a thing for, um, scents. Like an actual *thing* for it and since I like you, um, I crave yours."

Dream hums in understanding, allowing George to sit and sniff him, purposely releasing more of it for him.

"Shouldn't you be nesting?" Dream asks eventually, and George shoots up, looking at him like a deer caught in the headlights.

"Uh -"

"You can use some of my clothes 'n blankets if you want."

George's eyes widen before he grins, excited that he has actual permission now. Dream watches as he scurries off to gather items for his nest.

*

"And you're sure you're okay with me helping you out?" Dream asks for at least the tenth time, right before bed.

They'd talked about it and agreed that yes, George wants Dream to help with his heat, and that yes, they both understand that it'll trigger Dream's rut. Boundaries had already been set - no mating marks yet (considering they had just gotten together *yesterday* and mating marks are a lifetime thing), no marks of any sort above the collarbone (for George's sake, what with his facecam), things like that - and everything had been discussed.

George groans, a bit irritable from the fact his emotional state is slowly moving into that of an omega in heat, rolling his eyes. "Yes, Dream, I'm okay with it. We are literally dating now, of course I want you to."

"And you're *sure* I don't need a c-"

"I'm absolutely sure you don't need a condom. I've been on the pill for years now, I promise it'll be fine."

Dream nods, cuddling up to George, both of them laying in the middle of George's nest. George presses his nose against Dream's gland as Dream releases a calming, reassuring scent.

*

When Dream wakes up, George is already full-swing in heat.

He's writhing around on the bed, desperately grinding against one of Dream's hoodies, scent so strong and potent and *arousing* that it nearly hurts.

There's a solid minute between waking up and him falling into his rut.

Dream grabs George by the hips, pinning him down on his back, teeth bared as he grins. "You look so pretty, George," he says, a slight growl to his voice, not entirely slipped into his primal state. George, on the other hand, *is* in his primal state, and it's obvious with everything he does.

"Alpha," George whimpers, whining loud and high, pushing his face towards Dream in an attempt

to smell him. Dream leans down and lets him do that, loving the way George sobs, eyes hazy and half-lidded.

"I'm here, I've got you, I'll take care of you..."

George's hands knot themselves in Dream's hair, tears dripping down his face, staring up at him.

It's then that Dream completely slips.

"Pretty omega," he says, voice low and raspy, wrapping one hand loosely around his throat to show dominance, to show George his place, to show that he *owns him*. "So small. So pretty."

George kicks his legs about, sobbing as Dream pulls away. He grips onto him, not wanting him to leave, but Dream just *growls*, and George immediately falls limp underneath him.

"Be good." Dream leans back, quickly undressing George. He lets out a low groan as he sees the slick that had pooled in George's shorts, unable to stop himself from licking the substance up from the fabric.

He soon undresses himself, leaving them both naked, and the sight of Dream's dick has George panting, writhing around again in utter and complete *need* to be filled up, to smell Dream as he cums inside of him, as he *breeds* him.

Dream wipes up the slick from George's hole, pressing a finger inside without any warning, moaning as George cries out. He's quick to add another finger - omegas in heat naturally relax, allowing easier, quicker access.

"Alpha," George sobs, pulling Dream close, desperately sniffing at him, whimpering as Dream adds a third finger. "Alpha, please, omega needs dick, need alpha's *knot*, please!"

George's words leave Dream reeling, feeling so overwhelmed and *animalistic* by the boy's words, mind full of nothing but *fuck omega breed omega scent omega claim omega*. He pulls his fingers out, lining up with George's hole, and pushes into him without a second thought.

It's a matter of seconds before Dream starts slamming into George, hands digging into his hips, and the change in Dream's scent has George trembling, desperately shoving his nose against the scent gland.

Dream grabs George's legs, guiding them around his waist, pounding into him as fast as possible, knot slowly but surely forming at the base of his dick.

"My omega," Dream growls, biting down hard on a spot below one of George's collarbones, moaning at the way George squeals. "Gonna breed you, my pretty omega, gonna fill you up..."

"Yes, yes, please! Need alpha's pups! Wanna have them, wanna be full!"

Dream moans again as he lets his scent pour out, overwhelming George's scent, rubbing his gland against George's to properly scent him for the first time. The effect of it comes quickly - normally, it just makes an omega slightly more aroused, but in George's case, it makes him cum hard against his stomach, hips bucking up.

Even as George sobs and sobs, Dream doesn't stop, knowing *on a biological level* that his body was made for taking it like this during heat. George doesn't seem to mind, considering he's still mindlessly begging for more, for Dream to pump his body full of pups.

Dream manages to go even faster, his knot nearly fully formed.

"Gonna look so pretty filled with my pups," Dream mutters, repeatedly scenting George, filling the room with the smell of wild orange, completely drowning out George's own scent of lavender. "My omega. My omega, belongs to me."

"Omega belongs t'alpha!" George squeals, tears streaming down his face, body twitching as Dream continues to slam his hips.

The sight of George crying this hard shifts something in Dream, without either of them realizing. Dream's scent changes just a little, to more reassuring, *calming*, yet still pumped full of arousal.

Even in this state, in a state of a rut with an omega in heat below him, Dream tries his best to calm George.

"Wanna knot omega," Dream growls, teeth bared, pressing his forehead against George's face. "Gonna breed my omega, make you *my* bitch."

George whines, clinging onto Dream, nodding in excitement. "Please, please! Wanna be alpha's bitch!"

Dream curses, pounding into George just a few more times before his knot pushes into his hole, cum pumping into him. George *shrieks*, back arching and legs twitching as he cums again, eyes rolled back.

George soon falls limp, groaning quietly in pain, his heat satiated for at least the time being. Dream just smiles proudly.

He waits until George's eyes completely lose the tell-tale haze of a heat.

"Did a number on you, huh?" he whispers, kissing George's scent gland, grinning when he can only smell his own scent. "It's gonna be, like, half an hour before we can do anything else."

George hums, lazily reaching over to his nightstand, pulling a pack of baby wipes out. Dream takes the pack and pulls a wipe out, wiping both of them down before slowly shifting their position so that they're laid on their sides, cuddled up close.

"Sleep for now," Dream whispers, kissing his forehead. "You'll need the energy for later."

George nods, eyes falling shut, nose pressed to Dream's scent gland.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

hi! here's part two. it's set a year in the future from the last chapter! chapter 3 should be out tomorrow (or maybe even today if i manage to write it!)

i hope you all enjoy. :)

Dream is a hopeless romantic.

His family knows it, his friends know it, his *fans* know it, and of course George knows it.

The thing about mating is that a lot of couples do it during heats or ruts. They do it in the heat of the moment - no pun intended - rather than make it into something meaningful, something to remember, something that's *beautiful*. And that's fine with Dream! Couples can do what they want, they can choose to mate that way if they want to, but he would probably rather throw himself in the Suez Canal and drown than mate George that way.

They've been together for nearly a year already. Couples usually mate within the first three months, because once you're with your partner for a little while, you just sort of know. It's a biological thing, a deep-set, primal instinct that basically tells you *hey, look, this is correct, you're with the right person*. Breakups happen when this instinct doesn't kick in, and it's honestly pretty amazing how well it works. It's like a built-in soulmate system. Either way, they've been together for a year coming up on the Tuesday after next, so about fifteen days from now.

The only reason they hadn't mated yet was because they hadn't gone public about their relationship.

As much as Dream would love to, between wanting to shout to the world that he absolutely loves George, and them both knowing that they were literally made for each other, they haven't gone public because of George.

George likes to keep things mostly quiet. He's always been like this, from the moment Dream had met him, with wanting to keep his personal life completely under wraps and not letting anyone in unless he knows one hundred percent that he can trust a person. Dream is okay with this, mostly because he's one of the few people George trusts, but he can't even mate his *soulmate* because he doesn't want anyone to see the mating mark.

It sucks. It's upsetting. And Dream goes along with it.

Luckily for Dream, George has something up his sleeve.

*

"Are you sure you're ready for this?" Sapnap asks over Discord, and George can hear the rev of his car as he drives. He's pretty sure Sapnap is on his way to Karl's house, but Sapnap is a wild card, and he's too busy to ask or care. "I know you want the mark, but are you sure you're ready for the attention?"

George sighs, adjusting his headphones as he cleans his room, sprucing it up and making it look pretty. It's the day of their anniversary, about four in the afternoon, and Dream is currently out, running various errands upon George's request. "I mean, I don't...I don't *have* to tell the fans who mated me, right? Like, I can show the mark but I don't have to say who did it."

Sapnap snorts. "You know Dream would be upset over that."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," George says, laughing quietly. Dream would throw an absolute fit over that. "I think I'm ready, honestly. I know Dream will respect the fact that I don't want to be super open about it. That's really the only thing keeping me from bailing on this."

"That's understandable." There's a sound of a horn honking, and then Sapnap cursing, yelling at some driver. "Anyway, I'm gonna have to go. Is there anything you need at all?"

"No, I think I'm all set. Thank you, though."

"Anytime, Gogy."

George rolls his eyes at the name, setting his headphones down on his computer desk. The room is finally clean, practically spotless, after hours of cleaning. Although Dream is probably at some store now to buy a gift for George, George had been finding any sort of excuse to keep him out of the house, before eventually telling him he can only come back at five.

Five. He has an hour left.

With a sigh, George pulls out a bag of rose petals, slightly cringing as he spreads them all over the bed and floor around it, knowing that Dream would adore it. Dream loves cheesy stuff like this, while George prefers to keep things low key, but honestly? He's pretty sure Dream is rubbing off on him. He cringes, sure, but once the petals are all laid out, he finds himself grinning like a madman.

Once that's done, he heads out to the kitchen. He'd already set up the table an hour or so before, decorated with a deep green tablecloth and candles in the middle, ones purposely made with pheromones meant to relax. They don't give off a scent, allowing partners to smell each other rather than the artificial scent of a candle. Plates are sat on opposite sides of the table, silverware already sat out as well.

The good thing about living with Dream is that Dream doesn't have fancy tastes. He's on a diet of little to no carb or sugar, except for the carbs or sugar found in fruits and veg, obviously. He eats things like lamb a lot, which George finds funny, because that's as far as his tastes go. George isn't the world's best cook, but he *can* cook a mean steak dinner, which is great, because he knows Dream loves steak.

So he does that, pulling out the marinated steak from the fridge, cooking it along with a side of asparagus topped with a quick, easy homemade alfredo sauce. It's a meal he doesn't make unless there's a special occasion, and one he knows Dream loves, considering Dream asks for it quite often.

By the time he's done, and by the time he has the food plated and the candles lit, Dream comes home.

"George?" Dream calls out, taking only a few steps before he's met with the sight of George peering at him from the table, grinning at him. George's scent overtakes the smell of the food, filled with excitement and pure elation, and Dream can't help but go over and pull him into a kiss.

"Hi, Dream," George whispers against his lips, laughing when Dream pushes their lips together again. "We can kiss later, the food's gonna get cold if you don't eat."

Dream gives him a fake pout, taking his jacket off and hanging it up on the hook near the door. He sits down in his seat, smiling under George's eager gaze, taking a bite. "I've been wanting this for so long," he says, and George laughs. "I got you a gift, by the way. I'll show you after dinner."

Dinner is a fun, but relaxed and fairly quiet affair, filled with the two of them joking around and talking about their day. Dream's orange scent floats through the room, much to the glee of George, who backs off on his own scent production just to smell him.

They eventually finish up, and George takes it upon himself to clean everything, shushing Dream when he tries to help. There's always been this weird stereotype of omegas being like little housewives, cleaning and taking care of their alphas and such, a stereotype that had been shown to be false as the old traditions died out. George thinks there's a tiny bit of merit to that, though, because he feels elated as he cleans for Dream, smiling to himself.

By the time he's done, Dream has gone out to the car and come back, a small gift bag in hand. George washes and dries his hands, cocking his head.

"So," Dream starts, fidgeting with his hands, "uh, I just wanted to get you something simple to show my appreciation since I know you don't really like flashy things, but I couldn't decide on what to get you, so I ended up getting two things and -"

George laughs, taking the bag from Dream's hands. "You're rambling," he says, and Dream looks sheepishly at him. George leads him to the couch, waiting until they're both sat down to open his gift.

Inside is a small jewelry box and something wrapped in tissue paper. He takes the wrapped item and slowly opens it, smiling once he sees what it is. It's a pretty blue cat figurine, about the size of his hand, cut from some sort of gemstone. He runs his thumb over the surface of the figure's head.

"So pretty," he says, delicately placing it on the coffee table. Dream watches him with near hawkeyes, eager to see him open the jewelry box.

The box holds a silver ring, adorned with a small, embedded colored gem, surrounded by three even smaller colored gems on both sides. George gasps, slowly slipping it onto his ring finger, in amazement at how pretty it is.

"Dream, what..."

Dream takes George's hand in his, thumbing gently at the ring. "The orange is for my scent, and the green is for, like, the leaves of an orange tree, y'know?"

George looks at him.

"I can't see these colors."

Dream blinks.

"Oh. Yeah."

George devolves into a fit of giggles, head falling against Dream's shoulder, all while Dream playfully shoves him away, embarrassed and blushy.

"Fuck off," Dream says, laughing as well.

They eventually get over the little laughing fit, and before Dream can say anything else, George shushes him.

"I have a surprise for you," he says, pressing a kiss to Dream's nose. "Go into *your* room until I'm ready, okay?"

Dream hums, smiling before he does as George says.

George heads to his own bedroom, quickly getting undressed before stowing the clothes away in the hamper of his ensuite. He changes into a pair of lace boxers, a pretty, dark red that he hopes looks good on him. He messes his hair up a bit, knowing Dream loves the messy look on him.

With a soft sigh, he sets out a few candles, though this time they're made specifically for setting the mood. He grins and slips on one of Dream's large, plain white shirts, settling onto the bed on his knees. He sends a text telling Dream to come into the room.

There's about three seconds between Dream's eyes falling on George and Dream's scent overflowing the room, tinged with love and arousal.

"Oh, *George*," he breathes, climbing onto the bed, picking a rose petal up to feel the softness of it. He grins, leaning in for a deep kiss, gasping when George climbs into his lap.

"I want you to do something," George mumbles, and Dream immediately picks up on the way his scent changes from excited to embarrassed, *anxious*, and he makes his own scent into something reassuring. George rubs his nose against Dream's scent gland with a soft whine. "I...I want your mark, Dream."

Dream stares at him, completely silent, before he smiles, absolutely *beaming* at George, trembling in excitement. "Really? Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," George says, laughing at Dream's expression. He slowly takes Dream's shirt off, then his own, still sniffing his gland. "Just...you know it'll set off a short heat and rut for both of us, right?"

"How long does that last?"

"It only lasts until you knot me, but I cleared our schedule for tomorrow so we can recover."

Dream smiles, pressing kisses all over George's face, shifting so that George is underneath him, pinned down by his wrists.

"Are you ready, omega?" Dream whispers, voice low and soft, a small smile still on his lips.

George whimpers at the name, though he's smiling, head tilting to the side to give Dream more access. "I'm ready, alpha."

Dream takes a deep breath before he dives in, sinking his teeth into the scent gland on the right side of George's throat, growling at the taste of his blood. George cries out, whiny and needy, back arching off the bed as a pleasant warmth fills his head, something he'd never felt before. He feels calm. He feels...warm.

"Alpha," he breathes out, staring as Dream pulls away, entrances by the blood staining his bared teeth. Dream's pupils are mere dots, like he's staring at his prey, and it makes George squirm. He

grabs Dream's hair and tugs, forcing his head to the side, before he sinks his own teeth into the scent gland on the left side of his throat.

Dream lets out a loud, deep growl, panting loudly as he feels his blood drip gently down his chest, unable to hold back as he shoves George onto the bed, practically tearing his boxers off.

"*Mine*," he murmurs, eyes flared with a look George can't describe. "My omega, my *bitch*."

George nods, clinging onto Dream, purring as he takes his pants off. There's already slick pouring from his hole, and Dream doesn't hesitate to push two fingers into him.

"Want alpha's knot," George whines, spreading his legs further, barely registering that Dream is already moving onto three fingers. The stretch burns a little, but George doesn't care - he just needs Dream inside *now*.

Dream pulls his fingers out before manhandling George, pushing him onto his stomach, grabbing his hips and forcing his ass in the air. "Gonna knot omega," he breathes, squeezing George's hips. He lines up and thrusts in, hard and fast, falling deeper into that primal state than he ever had before.

George isn't faring any better - he's purring loudly, mumbling about needing bred, about needing Dream's knot, swimming in that delicious pool of warmth and submission in his head. Each quick thrust leaves him mewling, unable to hold himself up by his arms.

"Omega wanna be stuffed *full!*" George sobs, barely able to breathe as Dream slams into him, a death grip on his hips. "Need t'be bred! Omega wants alpha's pups! Wanna carry alpha's pups!"

Dream moans, teeth digging into George's mating mark again, just needing to properly taste him. His knot is already mostly grown, catching on George's rim with each thrust, and it drives Dream crazy.

"Alpha's breeding bitch," Dream growls, lips moving against the wound. "Who does omega belong to? Who *owns* omega?"

"Alpha does! Omega belongs t'alpha!" George squeals, hips twitching as he gets closer and closer, cock red and leaking against the bed.

Before George can recognize what's happening - which is to say, before he can start complaining - Dream pulls out and pushes him onto his back, slamming back into him, staring into his eyes. He grabs George's hands, holding both of them tightly before he leans down and scents him.

George *howls*, a genuine, high-pitched howl, cumming hard against his chest. Dream follows suit, howling along with him in harmony before he shoves his knot inside, the two of them riding out their highs.

Dream pants. George stares up at him.

"I fucking love you," Dream says, laughing and pressing his forehead against George's. George huffs out a laugh, eyes and nose wrinkling with how large his smile is.

"I love you too, Dream."

Chapter 3

“Are you sure you want to -”

“*Dream*, if you ask me that one more time I swear to *god* I’m not letting you knot me ever again.”

Dream sighs, nuzzling his face against George’s neck, inhaling the scent of his scent mixed with his own. George’s little scent kink had rubbed off on Dream, especially after they finally mated - something about mates sharing personality traits, or something like that. He presses a gentle kiss to the junction of George’s ear and neck. “I just don’t want you to regret this,” he mumbles, resting his head against George’s shoulder. “I understand if you don’t want to tell them who gave it to you.”

George turns to Dream, gently grabbing his jaw, pressing his forehead to his. “If they ask - which they will - I’ll tell them, okay? I’m ready to tell them. Besides, they’d figure out eventually anyway, you know?”

“Yeah, they would.” Dream presses a kiss to George’s forehead, then to his nose and finally to his lips, adoring the way George laughs at the show of affection. “I’ll be in my room, okay? Send me a message if you need anything at all.”

George smiles and shoos Dream off, turning to his monitor. He’s got his Twitch chat up, and it’s been speeding by since he announced ten minutes ago that he’d be streaming a Just Chatting stream rather than Minecraft or anything else.

It’s two days after they exchanged claiming bites, and George’s mark is still incredibly sore and scabbed over, leaving him no choice but to wear a loose-fitting shirt. The shirt is loose enough that it slouches on his shoulders, but not so loose that it doesn’t fit at all. It’s one of Dream’s shirts, a dark, forest green color with the name of some Florida college on it. He knows people will pick up on that immediately and know that it’s Dream’s shirt, but honestly? He sort of *likes* that. He likes the fact that he’s covered in proof of Dream’s ownership, between the bite, the shirt, and the pretty ring on his finger. It feels a little weird, since he’d never done anything like this before, but he’s happy. Content. Excited.

Taking a deep breath, he adjusts his camera, taking a sip of his water before clicking the start stream button. He lets the starting soon screen play for a bit, as usual, waiting for the Twitch notification to go out. He double checks everything to make sure his title and category is correct before he turns the screen off, revealing him on his Minecraft background.

“Hi guys!” he says, waving, before taking a look at the viewers list. The rest of the feral boys are tuned in, calming his nerves quite a lot, a smile making its way onto his face. He clicks off of the viewer list, turning his attention to the chat.

It’s already filled with people freaking out, losing their minds over the shirt, the ring on his finger, and the bite on his neck. His nerves kick back into overdrive, stomach dropping at the overwhelming amount of questions and confusion, biting his lip.

A few seconds later, a calming, citrus scent fills the room, and George realizes that Dream has walked in.

It’s times like this where he’s happy he uses a greenscreen, otherwise everyone would have seen Dream walk in, and he’s really not in the mood to deal with that as well. It surprises him, really,

how good Dream is at picking up on his emotions just from his face. He supposes it's part of the whole soulmate-type thing.

"Uh, so," he starts, noticeably more calm, smiling again. "Basically, I have the dono limit set to twenty five dollars. If you want to ask a question, donate and I'll do my best to answer every single one I get. I'm sorry it's so high, it's just so I can manage the questions easier."

It takes a few moments because of the latency, but eventually donations start coming in, and right off the bat they're about what he's wearing and the mark on his neck. He smiles at the first one, cracking his knuckles off screen as a nervous reflex.

"*Is that shirt Dream's?*" he reads out, laughing quietly. "Yeah, it is. I don't know why he owns it considering he never went to college."

The scent in the room changes to that of embarrassment, making George laugh even harder, though no one in chat picks up on anything. His eyes dart over to where Dream is laid down on the bed, and he smiles when Dream flips him off.

The alert noise sounds over his headphones, and George reads the message out. "My ring? Oh, um," he says, showing it to the camera, waiting for it to focus. "I'm not one for jewelry but it's really pretty and...it means a lot to me. It's orange -" he pauses, gently tapping the middle gem, "- for, well, oranges, and the green stones are for the leaves of an orange tree."

Dream's scent gets even stronger, tinged with possessiveness, and George giggles. When chat calls him out on it, he makes up some excuse about someone sending him a meme, which makes the scent *even stronger*. George's face flushes with the intensity.

The questions continue, menial things as people attempt to ignore the elephant in the room. Eventually, of course, one brave donator asks about it, much to the anger of the chat. George just smiles.

"So, uh...I normally don't like talking about my, like, personal life, but..." His gaze drifts over to Dream again, who gives him an encouraging smile. "I've been in a relationship for a year now with - with Dream."

Chat goes fucking *crazy*.

It's nothing more than a blur, people screaming in both surprise and disbelief, and George hides his face, giggling like a damn schoolgirl into his hands.

"I'm not lying!" he says, and he registers the sound of Dream wheezing. He might as well stop acting like he isn't in here. "*Dream*, tell them I'm not lying!"

Dream groans in annoyance, stumbling over to where George is, his head just out of frame of the camera. He presses on his own mating mark, wheezing when George lets out a soft purr, spacing out for a moment.

Mating marks create a special bond - there's a reason they last a lifetime. This bond is, of course, an emotional and physical thing, but marks run deep to the point that one partner touching theirs is enough to send the other into a daze. Basically it's some weird, magical bullshit that no one has been able to explain.

As soon as Dream stops pressing, George snaps out of it, rolling his eyes and playfully hitting him. "Why would you *do* that?" he whines, ignoring the way chat blows up again.

"Well, I had to prove it somehow," Dream says, and he has that stupid, shit eating grin on his face that makes George want to kiss him silly.

"You're so annoying." Dream ruffles George's hair in response, making him roll his eyes again.
"Go away, I have to do my stream."

Dream sticks his tongue out before sitting on the floor near George, close enough to be able to answer questions with him.

They answer questions together, the majority of them being about their relationship. Things like *why'd you hide it for so long?* and *why'd you wait so long to claim each other?*. Those questions are usually handled by Dream, who knows George isn't entirely comfortable with explaining that side of things in detail.

Another question comes in, one that catches George's eye. "Why's your ring orange themed? Well, Dream, why is it orange themed?"

Dream grins, reaching up to hold George's hand. "I got it as an anniversary gift as a reminder of our relationship, if that makes sense? I wasn't expecting George to let me mark him so I went with a cute ring." He smiles and twists it around once. "It's orange themed because that's my scent."

George hums, not-so-subtly sniffing the air, barely recognizing - or caring - that he's on stream. "Smells good," he mumbles, pulling the shirt up to his nose to get a deeper smell. "So...sweet."

"George smells like lavender, by the way," Dream says, answering questions for George as he continues to smell the shirt, letting him indulge. He reaches up and turns the facecam off so George isn't *too* embarrassed by the fact he's just sat there inhaling Dream's scent. "Wait, hold on, chat."

Dream takes this opportunity to stand up, picking George up and settling into the chair himself. He places George on his lap, so that they're pressed chest to chest, smiling as George automatically nuzzles his face against his scent gland and starts inhaling.

"Alright, it's my stream now," Dream says, pulling the mic closer to himself. "Where's George? He's still here! He just, uh...he's out of it. You know what I mean?"

Chat doesn't know what he means, but Sapnap, Quackity, and Karl do, and they start filling the chat with 'LOL', as the others in chat start spamming George's 'let me in' emote.

"Fuck off, guys," Dream says, laughing quietly. He wraps his arms around George, rubbing his back, and before he knows it, George is *purring*, and he knows the stream can hear it. He can't quite bring himself to tell George to stop. "Any more questions?"

It goes like this for another hour or so, with Dream answering questions while George purrs, quiet yet noticeable on the mic.

"Think I'm gonna end here, guys," he says, watching the chat fill with heart emotes. "Georgie, say bye to chat..."

"Mmrp?"

Dream laughs at the noise, running his hand through George's hair. "I said tell chat goodbye. I'm ending the stream."

"Bye bye," George mumbles, shoving his face right back against Dream's scent gland. Dream says his goodbyes before ending the stream.

"Let's go lay down, yeah?" he whispers, carrying George over to his bed, cuddling up with him.
"You look so sleepy, baby."

"You smell so good, makes me sleepy sometimes..."

Dream smiles, pressing a soft kiss to George's mating bite. "I know it does," he murmurs, pulling the blanket onto themselves. "Sleep now, omega. I love you."

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